For mee, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marrie ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be maide a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt,
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweete wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*;
Ile Buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom
For to ſupply the places at the table, (wants
You know there wants no iunckets at the feaſt:
Lucentio you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra.

Tra. Shall ſweete *Bianca* pra
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: com

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades
waies: was euer man ſo beaten?
man ſo weary? I am ſent before t
ming after to warme them: now
hot; my very lippes might freez
roofe of my mouth, my heart in
a fire to thaw mee, but I with b
ſelfe: for conſidering the weath
cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo cold
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou d
my ſhoulder to my heele, with no
my necke. A fire good *Curtis.*
Cur. Is my maſter and his wife
Gru. Oh! *Curtis* I, and therefo
Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſh
Gru. She was good *Curtis* befo
winter tames man, woman, and b
maſter, and my new miſtris, and m
Cur. Away you three inch fool
Gru. Am I but three inches? W
long am I at the leaſt: But wilt th
plaine on thee to our miſtris, who
nand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy
in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, te
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in eue
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue t
miſtris are allmoſt frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and there
Gru. Why lacke boy, ho boy, an
Cur. Come, you are ſo full of co
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I
Where's the Cooke, is ſupper readi

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